# UNITY

*FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION*

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

Louis L. Mann, Curtis W. Reese, *Associate Editors*

## Testimony for Prohibition

*By* SYDNEY STRONG

## Saints at the Board: A One Act Satirical Play

*By* JAY G. SIGMUND

## Last Three Days with Mahatma Gandhi Before His Imprisonment

*By* M. L. TANDON

## Markham at Eighty: A Book Review

*By* JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

VOLUME CIX NUMBER 11

Chicago, May 16, 1932

PRICE TEN CENTS

# UNITY

Established 1878

*Published Weekly October to June* — *Subscription $3.00*
*Published Bi-Weekly July to September* — *Single Copies 10 cents*

UNITY PUBLISHING CO., Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Blvd., Chicago, Ill.
*"Entered as Second-Class Matter, July 30, 1931, at the Post office at Chicago. Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879"*

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES, *Editor in Chief*
EDITH LLOYD JONES, *Managing Editor*

*Associate Editors*
LOUIS L. MANN CURTIS W. REESE

*Board of Directors*
MRS. S. O. LEVINSON, President
MRS. E. L. LOBDELL, Vice-President
MRS. FRANCIS NEILSON, Treasurer
MRS. ELLA R. NAGELY
MRS. EDITH LLOYD JONES
MRS. O. T. KNIGHT
MR. IRWIN S. ROSENFELS
MR. C. W. REESE
MISS MATILDA C. SCHAFF
MRS. E. E. SMITH
MRS. IRWIN S. ROSENFELS
MR. FRANCIS NEILSON
Secretary: MAY JOHNSON

*Editorial Board*
EDMUND B. CHAFFEE
ZONA GALE
A. EUSTACE HAYDON
JESSE H. HOLMES
JOSEPH ERNEST MCAFEE
H. R. MUSSEY
M. C. OTTO
RAYMOND H. PALMER
ALSON H. ROBINSON
CLARENCE R. SKINNER
SYDNEY STRONG
ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY

*Poetry Editors*
LUCIA TRENT
RALPH CHEYNEY

*Editorial Contributors*
W. WALDEMAR W. ARGOW
DOROTHY WALTON BINDER
PERCY M. DAWSON
JAMES A. FAIRLEY
FREDERICK STARR
JABEZ T. SUNDERLAND
JAMES H. WEST

*Foreign Representatives*
AUSTRALIA—CHARLES STRONG
AUSTRIA—STEFAN ZWEIG
BULGARIA—P. M. MATTHÉEFF
ENGLAND—HARRISON BROWN
FRED HANKINSON
REGINALD REYNOLDS
CANADA—NORMAN STEWART DOWD
FRANCE—G. DEMARTIAL
ROMAIN ROLLAND
GERMANY—THEODOR HAHN
INDIA—RABINDRANATH TAGORE
JAPAN—NOBUICHIRO IMAOKA
PALESTINE—HANS KOHN
RUSSIA—ALINA HUEBSCH


## *Contents*


EDITORIAL— Page
Notes ..... 163
Testimony for Prohibition—SYDNEY STRONG ..... 165
Jottings—J. H. H. ..... 166
ARTICLES—
Saints at the Board—JAY G. SIGMUND ..... 167
Last Three Days with Mahatma Gandhi Before His Imprisonment—M. L. TANDON ..... 171
POETRY—
A Poet at Eighty—*Edwin Markham* ..... 163
Indian Messiah—LUCIA TRENT ..... 170
The Unjailed Spirit of Gandhi—CHARLES G. GIRELIUS ..... 172
THE STUDY TABLE—
Markham at Eighty—JOHN HAYNES HOLMES ..... 173
Two Books on Gandhi—P. A. ..... 173
CORRESPONDENCE—
What Can a Mere Citizen Do for Disarmament?—BRENT DOW ALLINSON ..... 174
A Valuation—ARTHUR HEEB ..... 175
"The Whole Paper"—SARAH J. WILSON ..... 175
Food for the Soul—E. J. H. ..... 175
THE FIELD—
"Law and Order"—*The New Leader*, London—*Reginald Reynolds* ..... 162
A Friend Comments on UNITY—ALICE FROST LORD ..... 175
The Threefold Movement in Europe This Summer ..... 175
International Relations Observation Tour for Twenty Young People ..... 176


## The Field

*"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."*

### "Law and Order"

By Reginald Reynolds

Statements have recently been made in the House of Commons regarding police oppression in India, which (in the words of Mr. Robert Bernays) "would certainly have been revolting if there was a shred of evidence that they had ever taken place."

As the Indian evidence is in most cases unanimous, one can only assume that Mr. Bernays (like most "impartial" people) finds it impossible to believe that an official could commit a crime unless he were so obliging as to admit it. Though unable to produce these necessary confessions, I have before me a dossier of information consisting entirely of official statements and proclamations, police-court proceedings and like material which even the Government of India will not dare to deny. The following instances are selected as examples.

Long before Gandhi's return to India, the Government began its offensive. First, there was the Bengal Ordinance, which enabled the Government to condemn men to death by the majority verdict of a secret tribunal. Subsequent ordinances have made possible the indefinite detention of "suspects" and other inconvenient people without any cause being stated, and the forfeiting of property (of individuals and associations) without appeal to the Courts. Ordinance No. 5 of 1932 makes it illegal to say "Don't buy British" to a person entering a shop or to make a gesture of entreaty.

To conceal the results of such legislation the Press is carefully muzzled. On January 13 the Bombay Government warned the Press against "any immoderate criticisms of the Government or Government officials . . . any photographs of persons taking part in Congress activities or of any incidents relating to such activities." Such incidents clearly included baton charges by the police. The penalty threatened was fine and imprisonment for editor, printer and publisher.

At Allahabad on January 15 the District Magistrate issued a similar warning, explicitly stating that he considered pictures of *lathi* charges "objectionable" (i.e., actionable.) Films have been banned in the same way, a typical instance being the order of the District Magistrate at Ahmedabad on January 17 forbidding the exhibition of films featuring "the arrival of Mr. Gandhi in Bombay or any Congress activities." Telegrams and (in the North-West Frontier Province) letters also have been subjected to careful censorship.

At Ellore (Madras) the Sub-Divisional Magistrate issued an order on January 17 forbidding people, among other things, from "having any informal talks in furtherance or in sympathy with the Congress activities, including the closure of shops . . . or

(*Continued on page* 175)

# UNITY

*"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"*

Volume CIX MONDAY, MAY 16, 1932 Number 11

### A POET AT EIGHTY

**I am done with the years that were; I am quits:**
**I am done with the dead and old.**
**They are mines worked out: I delved in their pits:**
**I have saved their grain of gold.**

**Now I turn to the future for wine and bread:**
**I have bidden the past adieu.**
**I laugh and lift hands to the years ahead:**
**"Come on: I am ready for you!"**

*—Edwin Markham**

*From "New Poems: Eighty Songs at 80," by Edwin Markham. Published by Doubleday, Doran & Co., New York.

---

The world is run on militaristic principles. It is well to remember this when discussing the question of the practicability of pacifism. Why should pacifism succeed if it is not allowed to establish itself and thus work its effect over that long period of time which is essential to the success of any fundamental policy? "What are you going to do about Japan," says the militarist tauntingly to his pacifist friend? But why should this question be asked at this late hour of Japanese history? Why should the pacifist be challenged to meet a menace, to clean up a mess, which is the direct and inevitable result of two generations of militarist policy? The pacifist could have handled this problem without the slightest difficulty if he had been placed in control in the beginning. He would have taught the awakened Japanese the folly of arms; he would have saved them from the madness of industrialism; he would have protected and nurtured the Japanese culture and thus shut out the fatal influence of westernization; he would have begun early to work out constructive and fraternal solutions of Japan's population problems. The pacifist, in other words, had he been the statesman in control of international relations over a period of sixty and more years, would have produced a very different Japan from the one which is now enacting the familiar drama of imperialism which she has learned so well from the West. The same thing holds true of Europe in 1914, or of any other vast crisis of our capitalistic and militaristic world. Pacifism cannot prevent an explosion for which militarism has piled the dynamite and laid the fuse. But pacifism would never have piled this dynamite, and never have laid this fuse! In other words—to change the figure! —pacifism has a right to be given charge of the case before the disease has worked its havoc and thus brought the patient face to face with death. Even so, this physician (pacifism) has the only remedy which can save the patient, if he can be saved at all. But he refuses to stake his reputation on such a chance. Most respectfully but emphatically he asks that he be called in and given control at the start. Then he will guarantee his cure.

---

The jury verdict in the Massie case has a significance far transcending that of the case itself. Its real importance is as a contribution to the maintenance of our jury system as an instrument of justice in a democracy. Few will dispute our assertion that this system has been sadly shaken in character and authority in recent years. The spectacle of juries' defying evidence, wallowing in sentimentality and hysteria, prostituting the stern exactions of justice to popular clamor and ill-will, has been all too frequent in this country. Now comes from Hawaii a different spectacle! A mixed jury, composed of seven Anglo-Saxons, one Portuguese, three Chinese, and one native, is chosen from a population torn by mob excitement and race prejudice. This jury is asked to pass judgment on a case involving the fiercest passions of the flesh. The defense, under shrewd guidance, builds up a case based on the sham psychology and the blind appeal to hate which have worked well in many another case of the Massie type. But with wholly unexpected clarity of vision and courage of heart, this jury pierced to the real facts and united upon a just verdict. The Massie crowd, by their own confession, had committed murder; they had taken the law into their hands, and staged a lynching of the first class. Obviously this called for punishment, if our society were not to revert to anarchy. That such a clamor of protest against the jury's action was stirred up in this country, even among official law-makers in Washington, shows to how great an extent this nation is already committed to lawlessness. One wonders, if conviction in this case was outrageously wrong, why the Massies were ever arrested, or why they were indicted and tried. Was all this a mere pretense—a going through the motions of justice, with acquittal guaranteed from the start? If so, judge and jury refused to play a dishonorable game, and Clarence Darrow made a miscalculation in the least creditable episode of his career.

What may eventually happen in the Massie case is all uncertain. But one great thing is sure, and that is that twelve intelligent and brave men in Hawaii gave an honest verdict according to the facts and in the face of hostile passion, and thus vindicated anew the principles of justice. A few juries of this type here in the states might end lynching, and teach a new generation of Americans some little respect for law.

---

President De Valera, of Ireland, stresses the real point at issue in the struggle to get rid of the oath of allegiance to the Crown, when he declares that this undertaking of his fellow-countrymen is an attempt to find out if the Irish Free State is really *free*. Of the right of the Free State to take this action there is no doubt—it was openly admitted when the bill setting up the Free State was passed at Westminster! This leaves only the question as to whether Britain is prepared to recognize the right thus officially conceded. There has been much talk of the new British Commonwealth of Nations as a union of states as free as if they were each and all so many entirely independent nations. But is this so? Is the talk genuine, or, as is usually the case in statesmanship and diplomacy, just "talk"? President De Valera is now prepared to test this question out by his proposal for the repudiation of the oath. The test is welcome—as welcome to the various Dominions as to the outside world. It will be especially welcome to South Africa, where a secession movement is well organized—and to India, where the problem of independence in relation to dominion status within the Empire is under such furious discussion. If Britain is wise, she will offer no resistance to De Valera's move, and thus stir a loyalty which she has not received from the hearts of Irishmen in six hundred years. But no Tory government is wise in matters of this kind. The present Tory government, hiding behind MacDonald's mask, is hardly likely to be an exception. In this case, there will be opposition, and then trouble not only for England and Ireland, but for all the Empire. Whatever the trouble, we hope that De Valera will persist till his cause is won. We say this not because we want trouble, but because we believe in freedom.

---

As celebrations of the George Washington bi-centenary multiply throughout the land, they seem to become more and more ridiculous in character. Conclusively they prove that Americans have no imagination, and—what is much more serious!—little sense of humor. For example, take the recent celebration in New York of the anniversary of Washington's taking the oath of office as first president of the United States! A certain citizen, who happened to be tall and burly in form, was selected to impersonate the immortal Virginian. Dressed in the familiar Continental uniform, and accompanied by a group of men similarly attired, this modern George crossed New York harbor from the New Jersey shore in a boat appropriately propelled by a gasoline motor and saluted by a procession of modern steamships. Landing on Manhattan, the imitation Washington was received and welcomed by Mayor Walker, beautifully "ragged out" in a tall hat, a black cutaway coat, spats and a cane. The pageant then proceeded up Broadway between looming sky-scrapers to a point located miles north of the city which Washington knew in his day. At this point a cardboard replica of old Federal Hall had been erected, and here, neatly balanced on a rude scaffolding, the picturesque first president duly took the oath of office, and was hailed by a motley throng of New York's unemployed. It would be difficult to think of a performance more utterly lacking in imagination, and more pathetically unimpressive. All it needed was some bold and honest citizen to laugh out loud, to turn it straightway into burlesque. It is to be hoped as 1932 goes on, and celebrations are offered in various parts of the country, that artistic taste and reverence will somewhere be found to plan and direct such events. After all, it is pretty late in the day to turn George Washington into a laughing stock.

---

If we were asked by our readers what we thought was the right kind of a celebration for an anniversary, we would point at once to the exquisitely appropriate and effective celebration of the Lewis Carroll anniversary in New York City. Alice Lidell (Mrs. Reginald Hargreaves) who inspired the writing of Carroll's masterpiece, "Alice in Wonderland," is still alive, an old woman of over 80 years, resident in England. Somebody had the inspired thought of bringing this woman to America, to honor Lewis Carroll by honoring the little girl whom he loved. Mrs. Hargreaves came a fortnight ago, and all the centenary celebration was centered upon her charming and appreciative person. Nothing could have been more fitting. "Alice" was right in saying that she "loved to think that Mr. Dodgson—Lewis Carroll—knows and rejoices with me." Especially fine was the action of Columbia University in conferring upon Mrs. Hargeaves an honorary degree of Doctor of Letters, and beautiful were the words of President Butler in offering this honor. We publish these words here in full, for the instruction and delight of our readers who love the "Alice" books:

> Alice Pleasance Hargreaves—descendant of John of Gaunt, time honored Lancaster, daughter of that distinguished Oxford scholar whose fame will last until English-speaking men cease to study the Greek language and its immortal literature; awakening with her girlhood's charm the ingenious fancy of a mathematician familiar with imaginary quantities, stirring him to reveal his complete understanding of the heart of a child as well as of the mind of a man,
>
> To create imaginary figures and happenings in a language all his own, making odd phrases and facts to live on pages which will adorn the literature of the English tongue, time

without end, and which are as charming as quizzical and as amusing as fascinating; thereby building a lasting bridge from the childhood of yesterday to the children of countless tomorrows—you as the moving cause, Aristotle's "final cause" of this truly noteworthy contribution to English literature, I gladly admit to the degree of Doctor of Letters in this university.

## Testimony for Prohibition

Second to the question of disarmament, prohibition is being discussed, at home and abroad. The success of the prohibition law is challenged by nearly every traveler we meet, coming from another land. In addition, many Americans, as they travel abroad, conspicuously display their habits of drink. Such extravagant stories about drinking in America have passed into the current coin of information that one is often so aghast as to prefer to keep silence. And it promises to be a burning question in the coming Presidential election. All of which leads us to give testimony on the subject of Prohibition.

1. To start with, we admit having a prejudice against strong drink. We well recall the "town toper" —a terror to small children, the neighbors passing our house daily on the way to the "Green" for their "morning nips;" Saturday night crowds when scores indulged in a "spree." We heard often that "people have always drank and always will," also that "it was impossible for a man to break off." There grew up in our mind a prejudice against strong drink. Our observations confirmed the precepts of teachers to "look not upon the wine with favor."

Several boy chums in early manhood died drunkards. A classmate and roommate in college died a drunkard. Splendid fellow. Early pastorates in Nebraska and Ohio quickly revealed that the keeper of drinking places was the chief enemy of work for the girls and boys in character building. A reason could be found for the business of practically everyone in town except for that of the saloon-keeper.

2. We possessed early a bias for total abstinence and prohibition and signed a total abstinence pledge when twelve years old. For fifty years we have personally witnessed the development of the temperance movement in Ohio (Mt. Vernon and Cincinnati), in Illinois (Chicago and Oak Park), in Nebraska (Crete) and in Seattle. In childhood our eyes looked upon a band of women kneeling before a saloon, praying for its closing. They were the best women in the town. That was an incident of the "Women's Crusade" that resulted in the closing of several hundred saloons. It startled the nation. It meant that the women of the land had appealed in vain to judges, husbands, legislators to save them and their families from the shame, poverty and beastliness growing out of the business. Their last appeal was to God. They did not appeal in vain. While the "Women's Crusade" spent its force and disappeared—out from it sprang the Women's Christian Temperance Union and the Anti-Saloon League. (Has the time not come for a women's crusade, to destroy the war-machine?) One proceeded to educate the children of the nation on the evils of strong drink, while the other sought to send to the state legislatures men who were opposed to the saloon. Both of the organizations, with great sacrifice and toil, succeeded in doing a good job. They were both absolutely above board and honorable in the work. The money they used came chiefly from penny-collections in schools and churches. We have known Howard Russell, founder of the Anti-Saloon League, for years. He is a man of rare spirit and without guile.

For years we have watched the struggle of the people to break from the thralldom of the saloon, in small towns, in counties, in cities, in whole states. The movement displays itself about the same everywhere. The people stand the evils of strong drink as long as possible—and then it is seen that the saloon is a public nuisance, which must be stamped out, by law. We have seen every regulation method tried: license (high and low), local option, prohibition (local, county, state). We have seen commissions go to foreign lands (where it was said the evil was being curbed) and recommend a new plan, which however did not last long. We have seen prohibition adopted, rescinded and then re-adopted —with the result that the people—in spite of the press and the business men—almost invariably return to prohibition. The consistent trend of public opinion has been from local toward state prohibition, with national prohibition lying back in the mind of the people. Of course, all intelligent people know that over thirty states had adopted prohibition before the War. The movement usually began locally among pastors and teachers and the women ("idealists" as they are described) and then moved on until the "solid business" community would be won over, as to its practicability and benefit. The symptoms are so familiar that we have full confidence, that when a time of decision may come over national prohibition, the people will not give it up, nor go back to state control.

3. It is impressive to see how many people in other lands are looking to America to make a success of prohibition. Prohibition here has provoked other lands to increased sobriety. While in Australia, a few years ago, scores of people would say, "you must not let it fail in America. The world is expecting to gain courage from the American pioneer work in the fight with strong drink." It was the same in New Zealand. In India, the fight is on to throttle strong drink. Commercial interests there, as everywhere, were debasing

the people. Many of the best Indians said, "America must not fail us. We look to you for encouragement." It will be recalled that Gandhi, in his broadcast address to America, laid special emphasis on his fight against strong drink, in which he looked to America for sympathy. Americans will not fail the world in her great social experiment.

4. We have faith to believe that Americans will not be reactionary, and go back on their forward movement to develop a sober citizenry. This is revealed, when those who favor repeal are asked to name what will *take the place of prohibition*. It is noticeable, that this has been the final unanswerable question—it has been impossible to point out a better method. I cannot conceive of the American people, given their second sober thought, being willing to revoke the Prohibition Amendment—and, if ever they did, they would go back to it. Suggestions as to prohibition being the cause of crime, or cutting off a large income from taxation, or interfering with trade—heard so often—sound stale, though spoken by orators. It is impossible for a city or country to drink itself rich or healthy or good.

We are certain that men like Governor Roosevelt, Governor Smith, President Butler, President Hibben would not like to be classed as reactionaries. It is impossible to do otherwise with them. They overlook the fact that Prohibition is as distinctly a great human movement upward, in America, as was the movement for the abolition of slavery. It is in line with the best American traditions. We call upon them to come out from their abiding place among the moss-backs. These men (and others) complain of law-breaking. This is not due to Prohibition (might give the devil of War a little credit). If these men and others who share their reactionism, would use their powerful influence in the direction of observance of this great law of the Constitution—there would be less law-breaking in the land. Why not be good sports—to say nothing of being good Americans—and when a law for human improvement, like Prohibition, has won its way fairly and honestly into the Constitution—why not admit that they have lost, and at once help to adjust public life to the new law? Who wants to be a champion of Lost Causes? Good citizens adjust themselves to new traffic laws, instead of sulking in their garages.

Our friend, Judge Griffiths, of Seattle, told us that he had of late crossed the American continent twice and had not seen a single drunken man. He is no "fool" for he was once chief-of-police in Seattle. We have had exactly the same experience. If we can travel 25,000 miles, and not have the landscape spoiled by sight of a drunkard—it is safe to say that America has traveled far upward since the days when every village produced a "village-toper."

We are proud of standing for Prohibition. We are not proud of those Americans who are reactionaries and place obstacles in the way of enforcement. When we consider the saying of an Englishman, that the Anglo-Saxon is a "race of drunkards" the beneficial results of Prohibition so soon seen in America are nothing short of miraculous. We put down on our American calendar as events of prime importance: 1. Abolition of human slavery. 2. Abolition of rum slavery. 3. Abolition (coming) of war slavery.

SYDNEY STRONG

---

## Jottings

Talk of clothes *versus* nudism continues to increase, and books on the theme to multiply. How all this discussion would delight the author of "Sartor Resartus"!

---

Prepare for the Sir Walter Scott centenary this fall by reading, or rereading, "Marmion," Scott's greatest poem, "The Heart of Midlothian," his greatest novel, his "Journals," one of the most precious autobiographical works in all literature, and Lockhart's immortal "Life."

---

When everything is prosperous and people have plenty of money, we lower taxes. When we are swamped by the depression and everybody is poor, we raise taxes. This, dear children, is one of the proofs that we live in a sane society.

Cervantes wrote "Don Quixote," and laughed chivalry out of existence. Voltaire wrote "Candide," and made a satirical end of this "best possible of all worlds." Who will write a third masterpiece, and turn capitalism into an immortal jest?

---

It's a great compliment to the American intellect that one of Gov. Roosevelt's chief assets as a presidential character is his name. Undoubtedly hundreds of thousands of voters would cast their ballots for Frank under the impression that they were voting for the late Theodore.

---

The mayor of Tokyo is described in a recent newspaper dispatch as a poet and artist, a man of the highest culture, and a statesman. Such a mayor would seem as curious to an American as Gilbert and Sullivan's Mikado would to a Japanese. J. H. H.

# Saints at the Board

### A One Act Satirical Play by Jay G. Sigmund

**Cast of Characters**

Reverend William Bland, a Minister; Thomas J. Duncan, a Trustee of Reverend Mr. Bland's Church and a Banker; Ambrose Holt, another Banker, also a member of Mr. Bland's Church Board; Elmer Longwill, a lawyer, also a member of Mr. Bland's Church Board; Doctor Richard Bonwell, a Physician, also a member of Mr. Bland's Church Board; Mrs. Theodore Rutledge, a Clubwoman, wife of a Banker, also a member of Mr. Bland's Church Board; Albert Barnhart, a Banker, who portrays the character of Christ; Judge Horace Mann, who portrays the character of Lincoln; Doctor Martin Schultz, a Physician, who portrays the character of Gandhi; and Albert Barnwell, a Merchant, who portrays the character of Saint Francis of Assisi.

*Place:* The Sunday School Room of a Church.
*Time:* A. D. 1932.

*(The curtain rises and reveals a typical Sunday School room of the average large church in a small middle-western city. The chairs have been removed with the exception of those occupied by the characters. Behind the long table sits a young man in conventional clerical garb. He is about thirty-five years of age and has the face of an ascetic. Grouped around him in irregular order are the following:*

*Thomas J. Duncan, a banker and a church trustee. He is a stocky man with a toothbrush mustache and gray hair.*

*Ambrose Holt, another banker and trustee, a little more pompous than Mr. Duncan, a little larger and smoothly shaven.*

*Elmer Longwill, a lawyer and also a trustee. Longwill is a lean, gray, smoothly shaven man, with sharp eyes.*

*Doctor Richard Bonwell, also a church trustee, a portly man with a silver Van Dyke.*

*Mrs. Theodore Rutledge, a much over-dressed woman of the typical clubwoman type. She is the wife of a banker and also a church trustee.*

Rev. William Bland *(fumbling the papers on his desk):* My dear friends, I wonder if you fully appreciate the importance of this meeting tonight. Perhaps it is a little presumptuous for me to use the word importance when the principal topic of discussion is a one-act play which I have written myself, but the lessons which this little play exemplifies are so much needed in these troubled times that I can not help but feel that, though the play may be crudely written and although our little staff of amateurs may be poorly trained, the import of the lessons it teaches will not be lost.

Thos. Duncan *(slightly bored):* Now what did you say the name of the play was, Doctor?

Doctor Bland: "Saints at the Board." It's quite a piece of boldness on my part to venture into such a field and toy with such a subject, I realize, but I feel, after praying over the matter, that I must not remain silent any longer. As I explained to you the other night, the little play is an attempt to portray Christ, Gandhi, Lincoln and Saint Francis of Assisi as they would appear were they all to meet in heaven. My idea is to have a reunion among these great poet-saints—a sort of a last supper, as it were. Of course, I can not help but congratulate myself on the fact that, through some happy coincidence, you people are all trustees of the church and you also make up the play choosing committee of our church.

Mrs. Rutledge: Oh, divine! So you're going to read the play to us?

Doctor Bland: No, not tonight. I fear you will be greatly disappointed at this, but I don't feel it quite does the little piece justice to read it hurriedly, and so tonight I am only going to ask your help in choosing the characters.

Dr. Bonwell *(nervously):* Well, where do we come in? What are we supposed to do? Let's be at it. I'll tell you right now, doctor, I'm not crazy about your idea, but go ahead. You have freedom so far as I'm concerned. It's up to you in the end. The only thing is, I just can't quite conceive of Lincoln, a Roman Catholic, and a Hindu fakir sitting at the same table, to say nothing of Christ being there, too, but I'm for you in anything you'll O. K.

*(They all look from one to another in perplexity, and Mr. Bland speaks.)*

Doctor Bland *(embarrassed, but smiling):* I expected that you would find the idea a little incongruous. It all sounds strange, I know. Personally, I'll admit I tackled the thing with some fear and trembling. However, once I got started, I became, as you business men would say, quite sold on it. Now here's what I propose to do tonight. I've tentatively chosen four people from our church who are interested in amateur acting. They are all well known to you. All of them have taken part in our plays before. I find them, according to my judgment, all physically fitted for the parts. Of course *(here the minister is much embarrassed and hesitates, laughing nervously)* I've been so close to the little play that I may not see it with the right perspective. Spiritually, these people may not be at all fitted for these parts. I have tried to pick characters that I believe, in some ways, at least, resemble the people they attempt to portray, by some trait of soul. I have these people waiting in the ante-room now. They have on the make-up they will wear in the play. It is my idea to have them come in this room while you are sitting here and group themselves about this table exactly as they will appear in the play.

*(As Mr. Bland talks he becomes rather excited, and it is plain to see that he is very enthusiastic.)* I will have each of them say one line exactly as he will say it in the play. Then, it is my plan to have them all leave the room, and when they are gone, I will reveal their identities. Then we will discuss their fitness for the parts, both from a physical and spiritual standpoint; and after that, we will vote on the groups by ballot. If we agree on the cast, we will commence rehearsal tomorrow night. If we disagree, then we must choose new characters. *(Eagerly)* Are you ready for them to come?

Elmer Longwill: Now, just a minute. It may be barely possible that not everyone here fully understands just what the Doctor means. Of course, I do,

but wouldn't it be well if you just briefly brought out some of the qualities you want to portray with your characters, Doctor?

MRS. RUTLEDGE *(yawning):* Oh, I hardly think that will be necessary. We all know about these characters, especially Gandhi. Why, that's about all there's been in the papers lately—that ugly Arab and his goat! But go on, Doctor, do!

DOCTOR BLAND *(anxious to please everybody and in doubt as to just where he stands):* Well, obviously, in Lincoln we want to strive for simplicity of character, great honesty of purpose, and a certain ruggedness. In Gandhi, utter simplicity and marked spirituality. In Christ—

AMBROSE HOLT *(impatiently):* Oh, never mind. We all know all about that. It's getting late. Bring them in.

*(Mr. Bland is obviously disappointed that he is not given more time to talk on the personalities of his characters, but he goes to a door at the right of the room. With his hand on the doorknob, he pauses and turns to his hearers.)*

DOCTOR BLAND: Now remember, watch the characters closely. They have rehearsed this fragment of the play very carefully. We have made them up tonight with as much care as if they were going to actually appear on the stage. They will come in and group around the table exactly as they will in "Saints at the Board." Each character will repeat a line from the play itself. They will remain only a moment and then leave. Immediately after they leave, I will reveal the identity of each. We will then have a discussion, and then vote by ballot. The characters will remain outside in their make-up until you go, and then I will call them in for further instructions.

*(Reverend Mr. Bland opens the door and calls "Ready"! The characters then file in. The character who takes the part of Christ comes first. The characters are all well chosen and well made up. They are attired in the traditional garments: Christ in a robe; Lincoln in the garments of the Civil War period, with the same beard, etc.; Gandhi as he is pictured, and he corresponds well with the popular conception in shawl, glasses, stature, etc. St. Francis of Assisi is the bearded, monk-robed character of conventional "Lives of Saints" illustrations. The characters sit at the table where Doctor Bland has been sitting, and all of them except Christ bring folding chairs along with them as they come into the room. Christ takes the chair which has been occupied by Doctor Bland. Gandhi and St. Francis of Assisi are seated on Christ's right, and Lincoln on his left. There is a silence that is only broken by an occasional gasp or sniff after the characters are seated. Doctor Bland beams with pride and looks, first at his characters and then at his trustees. The trustees first look astonished, then sheepish, then perplexed. Doctor Bland smiles and then, with a grand gesture and a smile of confidence, points to Albert Barnhart, who is protraying the character of Christ.)*

ALBERT BARNHART *(raising his head and looking across the table):* This is my blood of the New Testament.

*(Now Doctor Bland smiles his pleasure and brings his hand down toward Judge Horace Mann, who portrays the character of Lincoln.)*

JUDGE HORACE MANN *(in a deep sonorous voice):* Government for the people, by the people, of the people, must not perish from the earth.

*(It is evident that Mr. Bland is thoroughly pleased with the way in which his characters are performing. His confidence mounts and he can scarcely contain himself for joy. He brings his hands together in a gesture of delight, and then sweepingly points to Doctor Martin Schultz, who portrays the character of Gandhi.)*

DOCTOR MARTIN SCHULTZ: I will not be satisfied until every family in India be clothed in cloth from their own spinning-wheels.

*(Now Doctor Bland makes a dramatic pause. He even inclines his head as though in prayer. In a moment he lifts it again with a pleased smile and with perhaps the grandest gesture he has yet made he brings his arm down toward Albert Barnwell, who takes the part of St. Francis of Assisi.)*

ALBERT BARNWELL: I rejoice in my poverty, for it has put me close to my Jesus and given me heart to understand the language of birds.

*(Doctor Bland looks from one to the other of his committee members with an expression of triumph. The look changes somewhat, however, when he finds no expression on the faces of his audience that will give him any clue as to how the bit of acting has been received. Their attitudes indicate indifference. They seem impatient to have everything over with. Doctor Bland opens the door and says to his characters in a low voice):*

DOCTOR BLAND: Retire to the ante-room, my friends. Leave your make-up on. I will call you after we have reached a decision.

*(The characters file out.)*

DOCTOR BLAND *(resuming his smile of confidence and returning to his seat):* Now, friends, here comes the best part of all. I am about to give you the names of these characters whose splendid acting you have just witnessed. You will be surprised at some, I know. I feel sure their identities are completely hidden. I think the voting will be a mere formality. *(He surveys his audience for a moment and pauses expectantly.)*

DOCTOR BLAND: The character of Lincoln is taken by Judge Horace Mann!

*(A groan escapes someone, a sniff someone else. Mrs. Rutledge is the only one who does not scowl. She is obviously pleased and smiles her approval. There is an awkward silence. Doctor Bland is embarrassed and half frightened, but after hesitating he proceeds.)*

DOCTOR BLAND: The character of Gandhi is portrayed by Doctor Martin Schultz.

*(Doctor Richard Bonwell laughs uproariously at this, and the others alternate with scowls and grins. There is a long, embarrassed pause. Doctor Bland attempts to look severe, but only succeeds in looking frightened.)*

DOCTOR BLAND: The character of St. Francis of Assisi is acted by Albert Barnwell.

*(Mrs. Rutledge throws up her hands in horror.)*

MRS. RUTLEDGE: Impossible! Why, he's a thirty-second degree Mason!

DOCTOR BLAND *(trying to look severe):* The discussion will come later. The supreme character of this little play *(his voice trembles)*, the character of Jesus Christ, is to be taken by our friend, Albert Barnhart.

*(This is greeted by silence. For only a moment, however! Suddenly, Elmer Longwell and Ambrose Holt are on their feet at the same moment. Both are*

*so excited that they only splutter and gibber inarticulately, and now Doctor Bland, thoroughly frightened and panicky, raps with his gavel for order. They all settle back and there is another pause, during which there is much coughing and shuffling of feet.)*

DOCTOR BLAND *(hesitatingly):* Is there any discussion?

*(All leap to their feet at one time and make an attempt to be heard. Doctor Bland raps with his gavel. Finally, they take their seats.)*

DOCTOR BLAND: I will hear from Mr. Thomas Duncan.

THOS. DUNCAN *(with feeling):* I can find plenty of reasons why all these people are unfitted in a spiritual way, as you call it, to take the parts you've assigned them. I'm going to waste time on only one of them, though. When you put Albert Barnhart in the role of Christ, it's a wonder you weren't stricken dead by the Almighty himself. Why, I know what I'm talking about. That man's a competitor of mine. He's dirty, that's what he is! He's got no more principle than a cub bear! He's—

ELMER LONGWILL *(meaningly):* Oh, I don't know. I don't think he's such a bad sort—

THOS. DUNCAN: You wouldn't, of course; he pays you a good retaining fee. I tell you he's a skunk! He's—

*(Doctor Bland is terrified, but braces himself and raps with his gavel. The confusion subsides.)*

DOCTOR BLAND: Obviously, the objections against Albert Barnhart are strong. Now let us discuss another character. Doctor Bonwell, what do you think of Doctor Schultz for the character of Gandhi?

DOCTOR BONWELL *(laughing heartily):* Just exactly fitted! I think it's just the role he belongs in. He's nothing but a quack! Give him Gandhi's part by all means! Ha! Ha! Ha! *(Looks around at the others and finds them all looking indifferent and bored.)*

DOCTOR BLAND: Anybody else anything to say on this character?

MRS. RUTLEDGE: His bald head is all right, Doctor, and his legs are just right, I think.

*(There are suppressed sniffs.)*

DOCTOR BLAND: Has anyone anything to say about Judge Horace Mann for the character of Lincoln?

*(Mrs. Rutledge and Elmer Longwill, the lawyer, try to get on their feet at the same time. Longwill defers to Mrs. Rutledge.)*

MRS. RUTLEDGE *(in a voice that betrays its emotion):* I think, Doctor, that Judge Horace Mann is a personification of all the qualities that we find in the immortal Lincoln. He is gentle, good, the soul of honor, a great master of statecraft and—and *(giggling girlishly)* he has the same sly humor which we all admire in Lincoln. *(A long pause.)* I think that's all I have to say, Doctor.

DOCTOR BLAND: Thank you, Mrs. Rutledge. Anyone else?

ELMER LONGWILL: With all due respect for Mrs. Rutledge's opinion, I must differ very sharply with her. It ill becomes me to say it, no doubt, but it's a well known fact among all the members of the bar association that Judge Mann's a shyster. He has no honor about him. I can't go into details, but it's a disgrace to our profession to have that man on the bench. I think that—

THOS. J. DUNCAN: Oh, forget it. Let's vote. Where's the ballots?

DOCTOR BLAND *(sighs and passes out the ballots):* Now, mark on the ballots the names of the characters you are in favor of. If any are not voted on favorably, we'll have to select other characters for their parts. Just mark your ballots as quickly as you can and bring them up here and lay them face down on my table. I'll appoint Mr. Duncan and Doctor Bonwell to count the votes.

*(They hurriedly mark their ballots and deposit them on the table. Thomas Duncan and Doctor Bonwell then draw chairs up to the table and count the votes. Doctor Bonwell then rises.)*

DOCTOR BONWELL: We are ready to announce results, Doctor.

DOCTOR BLAND *(a look of frightened anticipation on his face):* Very well.

DOCTOR BONWELL: Nobody receives a majority. The only favorable votes are given to Doctor Schultz and Judge Mann, one each. I don't mind admitting *(laughing)* I voted for Doctor Schultz, and I'm disappointed that he didn't get to take the part. I wanted him to be made ridiculous. He's a quack!

MRS. RUTLEDGE: And I voted for Judge Mann. I think he's a nice gentleman, and I'm in a position to know. *(Someone snickers)* He spoke to the D. A. R. Convention last year when I was president.

AMBROSE HOLT *(angrily):* Doctor Bland, I move you we discard the idea of putting this play on altogether. It's impossible to find people in this church that are qualified to take the parts. Those of us who might take them have no theatrical aspirations. I think we should abandon it.

ELMER LONGWILL: Second the motion!

DOCTOR BLAND *(lamely):* Now the question is before the house and I think we should discuss it. I wonder if you really realize what you're doing when you make this move. It means a great deal to me, but of course, my position must not be considered. However, I fear the loss from a cultural standpoint will be great. Also, it makes it embarrassing for me to explain to these actors who are waiting for my answer in the ante-room. I see now I made a great mistake by selecting these characters first. I had no idea but you'd be as enthusiastic over them as I was. I see I made a grave error—I—

*(He is interrupted by shouts of:* Question! Question! *He looks about him bewilderingly and then proceeds slowly.)*

DOCTOR BLAND: All in favor of abandoning the play, "Saints at the Board," say aye.

*(They vote* aye *as of one voice.)*

DOCTOR BLAND: The motion is unanimous. You are adjourned.

*(They all file out with a stiff "Good night, Doctor," and Doctor Bland sinks into his chair as the last one leaves. He buries his face in his hands for a moment. At last he arises and walks slowly to the ante-room door. He hesitates on the threshold, and then slowly turns the knob and calls into the next room.)*

DOCTOR BLAND: Come in.

*(Doctor Bland goes back and takes his chair. The characters file in. Gandhi has his overcoat over his shoulders and is carrying his trousers over his arm. He is smoking a cigarette. Lincoln comes in smoking a pipe. He is in his shirt-sleeves, and St. Francis of*

*Assissi is drinking soda water from a bottle with a straw.)*

JUDGE MANN: Doctor, I'd thought you'd never call for us. We hate to come in all disheveled, but it was hot as an oven out there. What's the verdict?

DOCTOR BLAND *(wringing his hands):* Oh, my friends, I can't tell you.

DOCTOR BONWELL *(starting to draw on his trousers):* Oh, go on, doctor.

DOCTOR BLAND: Well, I suppose it will do no good to mince words. Not one of you was chosen!

*(Albert Barnhart, who portrays the character of Christ, tears off his beard.)*

ALBERT BARNHART: What? You don't mean to tell me that bunch of boobs turned us all down?

DOCTOR BLAND: Yes, and that isn't the worst. They voted not to put the play on.

ALBERT BARNHART *(dropping his bottle of soda water):* Well, I'll be damned! *(Then, realizing what he has said):* Pardon me, Doctor.

DOCTOR BLAND: Well, I suppose we might as well take it with good grace. That's exactly what any of the sainted ones whom we seek to portray would do.

JUDGE HORACE MANN: Not by a jugful, they wouldn't! *(Pounds the table.)* I've got a picture of Old Abe Lincoln standing for anything like that! Never in the world would he let a damned shyster like Elmer Longwill put anything like that over. You'll pardon my anger, Doctor, and it may not become a man in my position to take this stand, but I'll not let such people play horse with me for one minute. I'll make them eat this, see if I don't.

DOCTOR MARTIN SCHULTZ: There's professional jealousy back of this, and it may sound like bragging, but really, I don't blame some people for being jealous.

ALBERT BARNHART *(heatedly):* Professional jealousy may have something to do with it, but it's money more than anything else. I guess I'm not blind. I know how sore Tom Duncan was when I beat him to it and got that Third Street corner his bank had a second mortgage on! *(Loudly)* He's a skunk! *(Almost screams)* He hates me and my bank because I got more Federal money than he did last winter! Damn him! I know him!

JUDGE HORACE MANN *(more calmly):* Well, let's go home. But this is the last straw. Now's the time to do what we've talked of for two years. This church is divided into two factions, and this faction's been getting the worst of it long enough. I've noticed it. *(Raising his voice)* Why, every time I've gone to Duncan's bank to borrow money for two years I could see his attitude! I'll take my account away from him tomorrow and take it over to you, Barnhart. Of course, it isn't very big now, but it will be. You'll have to take care of me at times, Barnhart, but you'll do that, I know.

*(Barnhart looks sheepish and starts to protest, but Judge Mann pays no attention.)*

JUDGE HORACE MANN: Now, boys, let's meet here tomorrow night and talk over a new church. I'm damned if I'll worship with them crooks any longer. Excuse me, Doctor. Are you all with me? Will you meet me here tomorrow night to go into this thoroughly? Will you?

*(All shout,* "Yes"!)

ALBERT BARNHART: Yes, there's no use talking; we've got to get busy right away. We'll build a new church and we'll pull out of this bunch and shake the dust of this congregation off our clothes. Say *(excitedly)* wouldn't it be a fine idea to build right across the street from here? My bank has just foreclosed on a lot that we'd sell at a bargain. I tell you it's a Godsend that we took that property!

DOCTOR MARTIN SCHULTZ *(scowling):* Well, we mustn't be in too much of a hurry about location. My brother-in-law has a lot farther out that might suit better.

*(Barnhart looks angrily at Doctor Schultz, but says nothing.)*

JUDGE MANN: Well, we're all agreed on one thing, and that is that the split we've all talked about has got to come. I can't stand intolerance, and that's the kind of atmosphere we're in now. Let's go into the anteroom and clean up. We'll see you on the way out, Doctor, and now, don't you go to worrying. We'll take care of that other gang. You'll get to put on your play yet, even if it's in another building. They can't run everything, and when it comes to stifling genius, well, by God, they've gone too far!

*(They file into the ante-room. Reverend Bland closes the door behind them. He seems to have a great load on his shoulders. For a moment he sits in his chair with his head in his hands. Then he goes to the telephone, and, taking the receiver from its hook, dials a number.)*

DOCTOR BLAND: Is this the Premier Costuming Company? This is Mr. Bland. Will you have your man stop tomorrow at my church to pick up the costumes I ordered? No, I'm sending them back. We've decided on a different play. Oh, I'll let you know later. Thank you.

*(Goes to his table slowly and sinks into his chair. Suddenly he clasps his hands in prayer.)*

DOCTOR BLAND: Oh, God, how long? How long must it be? Is there any hope? *(His head sinks on his arms)* Any hope?

*Curtain.*

---

## Indian Messiah

This humble man of India
Beside his spinning wheel
Has found a weapon mightier
Than any sword of steel.

This man in homespun cotton
With sparse and shrunken frame
Has given a nation valor
And sanctified its aim.

This little man with glasses
At whom the aliens sneer
Has made the throne of princes
Shake in bitter fear.

This quiet man in prison,
Austere and strangely wise,
With centuries of dreaming
Within his prophet-eyes,

This holy man is sainted
And blessed by all on earth
Who hold man's freedom paramount
And know the spirit's worth.

LUCIA TRENT.

# Last Three Days with Mahatma Gandhi Before His Imprisonment

Those who have not closely followed the non-violent movement for independence in India may not be adequately informed of its significance. It is a method of combating evil with good, of overpowering hatred and prejudice with love,—an attempt to secede from a foreign government without the usual vicious warfare and bloodshed.

Many people say that such a thing is impossible, being too idealistic and visionary, but nevertheless this movement is today shaking the foundations of the most powerful empire in the world. Not thousands but millions of Indian people who are involved directly or indirectly in this great struggle are adhering rigidly, except for sporadic cases, to the principle of non-violence as set down by that ninety-pound, unpretentious, Christ-like man, Mahatma Gandhi, the man who is revered and followed by a larger number of people than ever followed any single man in his life-time at any age in any country. Either as a political program or individual principle, the majority have adopted non-violence as their weapon. They would rather be hurt and killed than to hurt or kill anybody. They are asked to set their faces as flint against any evil, but never to hold any hatred against the evil-doer. This is the first time in history that the religious principle of non-violence has been adopted on such a stupendous scale as an instrument of political revolt. Whatever may be the inner workings of the minds of his followers, Gandhi's first and foremost article of religion is non-violence. When he heard as he was returning from the London Round Table Conference that two Hindu girls with revolutionary affiliations shot an English magistrate, Gandhi felt an injury was done to his soul and burst into tears. How could Indian women stoop to such methods?

The idealistic grandeur of non-violence is showing itself through some of its gruesome phases. I was an eye-witness to this phase and I am going to relate it to you to show in what a powerful way this non-violent spirit has gripped India. During the last five months I traveled across India eight times and I know whereof I speak.

There are numberless demonstrations, parades, and picketing in practically every large city, and the method of quelling them is almost the same in every case. At Cawnpore I joined one of these peaceful parades. Because I am rather tall and stout I was in the front ranks. The police asked us to disperse several times, and when we did not, the beating began. Attacks are made with lathis—long wooden clubs with iron knobs on the end. Downward blows on the head, shoulders, and especially on joints, and thrusts intended to cause internal injury were ministered. We stood with arms folded and took the beating. Not a single member of the group cringed, or struck back. I do not know how long this fray lasted as I finally became unconscious and when I awoke I was in an improvised hospital. I learned upon returning to consciousness that several had been killed outright and most of the others were very seriously injured. Fortunately none of my bones were broken and what other damages I sustained were light enough so that I was released from the hospital in fourteen days. It was in this city that I heard a small boy of seven or eight years of age standing in the street shouting "Boycott British Goods." A police sergeant gave chase, but the boy darted into an alley and disappeared only to return in a few minutes with the same cry on his lips. The officer drew his revolver, shot the boy dead, and dragged him out of the street by one foot. This is not a solitary occurrence. It is happening every day in all parts of the country. Children as well as men and women are being shot and beaten.

Perhaps you are wondering why you haven't been informed of these things through the newspapers. Going ahead of my story, I may add here that immediately after Mahatma Gandhi's arrest, almost all Indian presses were confiscated or shut down so that no printed matter could be circulated. No member of the Indian congress is permitted transportation of any kind. If anyone lends one of them a horse, bicycle or conveyance of any description whatsoever, it is confiscated and the lender is liable to arrest. All the Congress funds have been confiscated and anyone found to be helping the Congress directly or indirectly is liable to arrest.

Lathi attacks are studied and rehearsed before the actual attacks are made so that police may become acquainted with the vital spots in the anatomy and so deal out more painful, ruinous, and enduring injuries. I learned this from a native policeman in Bombay.

Women are taking a most prominent part in the movement. They are even more courageous and sacrificial than the men. Not one of them has ever been known to shrink before a lathi charge or machine-gun onslaught.

From Allahabad I journeyed to Bombay to see the Mahatma. When I arrived it was evening and five or six hundred people were standing outside Gandhi's temporary residence shouting "Mahatma Gandhi Ki Jai" which means "Victory to Gandhi." I sent my card in by a woman volunteer—and by the way, there are more women volunteers speaking fluent English than you would ever imagine—and she returned to say that admission had been granted me. I found Mahatmaji in a large tent on the third floor, which was really an open roof with a banister running around it. There were two other tents on the same floor, one on either side of the tent Gandhi occupied. He was dictating a second message to the Viceroy and eating dates with an ancient fork out of what appeared to be a large leaden bowl. He eats *very* slowly but all his other actions are quick. He walks with surprising alacrity, and when he speaks you are struck by an unfathomable certainty and authority which he quietly radiates. You just want to listen and be in the presence of his power. About forty women were seated at his right hand dressed in saffron khaddar saris. To the left and in front of him were some of the congress leaders, and in the corner across from the one I occupied was a Swiss professor and his wife.

One of the most noticeable things about Mahatma Gandhi is his sense of humor. He is seldom without a smile and laughs frequently. He works incessantly, and he was especially busy at that time, giving instructions to the congress leaders and volunteers in an effort to order things before his arrest which was imminent. People came and went in steady streams receiving instructions and making reports. The place bustled with intense activity reminding one of a large army headquarters, except that there was no air of secrecy or blood thirstiness.

Mahatma Gandhi sent three different messages to the Viceroy asking him as a friend to please see him. About midnight the second day I was there, the final answer came. You are probably aware of the contents of that message. The Mahatma was refused an interview and was told that he would be held responsible for any revolt that began. Gandhi smiled and said he hardly needed to be reminded of his responsibilities.

Gandhi was so much occupied that he slept very little. One afternoon his secretary asked him to sleep for about thirty-five minutes. He lay down on the floor where he was, put his arm behind his head with his hand over one eye and was asleep instantly. The racket of the children playing outside did not disturb him at all. In about forty minutes he woke up of his own accord and again busied himself with his tremendous task.

Mahatma's state business did not interfere with his participation in the daily prayer meeting. It was conducted every evening at seven o'clock by the Mahatma. It consisted in meditation and the singing of songs. About 200 persons were present at these gatherings. One evening after this service, a lady came saying that someone was ill several miles away and was requesting to see Gandhi. He immediately left his other duties and proceeded to the bedside of the stricken one.

It was on the second night that an American Press reporter, who has been with Gandhi a number of months, went to him and asked for a personal message for the American people. He was afraid Gandhi would be arrested that night and wanted to get the message before it was too late. Gandhi patted him on the cheek and said in substance and as closely as I can remember:

This fight is based on truth and non-violence and I am sure that the freedom of India will come out through all this turmoil just as the sun comes out from behind the clouds. All I want you to do is to give a true and faithful representation of the happenings to the American people so that that great nation may use its influence in behalf of these semi-starved half-clad millions of Hindus.

When he finished, the reporter broke down and cried with abandon. Mahatmaji tried to console him but he was out of control for some time.

The following night at nine o'clock Mahatma Gandhi started his weekly day of silence. I slept on the second floor with several others as usual. I was restless and didn't close my eyes until after I heard the clock strike three. Then, just as I relaxed, having decided that all was well for the night at least, I heard a car stop in front of the house.

Heavy foosteps ascended the stairs and a flashlight was turned on us. Some one turned on the lights and we found ourselves confronting Police Commissioner Wilson, the officer who arrested Mahatma Gandhi last year. He had a warrant in his hand which he gave to Devadas Gandhi, the Mahatma's youngest son, instructing him to inform his father that he was under arrest. Devadas complied with the request and was followed up the stairs by Mr. Wilson and all the rest of us. Devadas snapped on the light. The commotion roused Gandhi. He sat us, put his glasses on, and read the warrant, then looked up and smiled. He was arrested under regulation 25 of the year 1827.

Mr. Wilson touched him affectionately on the shoulder. We thought it a sign of his esteem for the little Saint but learned later that it was a formal sign of arrest. They were very friendly and the officer remarked that Gandhi was wearing the same watch he had on when he arrested him before.

This is the message he dictated for Vallabhbhai Patal, President of the Indian National Congress:

Dear Vallabhbhai:

Infinite is God's mercy. Please tell the people never to swerve from truth and non-violence, never to flinch to give their life and all to win Swaraj.

The following is the message he gave to Father Elwyn of the Christ Seva Sangha, Poona, a clergyman from England:

My dear Elwyn:

I am so glad you have come. I would like you yourself to tell your countrymen that I love them, even as I love my own countrymen. I have never done anything towards them in hatred or malice, and God willing I shall never do anything in that manner in the future. I am acting not differently toward them now from what I have done under similar circumstances towards my kith and kin. With love—Yours (signed) M. K. Gandhi.

Mira Ben—the daughter of an English Admiral, who is now a disciple of the Mahatma—suggested that they have prayer before Gandhi left and he consented. When he was ready to depart she embraced him, then clasping her hands tightly over her face, withdrew from the room hurriedly. Mrs. Gandhi, also in tears, asked him to take her along. He replied that she would follow him in a few days. Everyone present was in tears except the Mahatma himself. He was radiant and his face shone with his charming smile.

Thousands of people had gathered outside and were shouting "Mahatma Gandhi Ki Jai." Everyone who could get that close to him, took the "dust from his feet." He embraced the American reporter and then entered the large car which was waiting for him at the curbing. The car left quickly and traveled away at high speed. It was followed by another car in which rode Vallabhbhai Patel who had been arrested simultaneously. The gathered crowd thinned slowly albeit everyone was inspired to carry on, at whatever cost.

In conclusion I will give you the verbal message Mahatma Gandhi gave me for the American people. He said:

Tell the people of that great nation that I just want them to know the real truth. This struggle is not for India alone but for all humanity. Let them give us their moral support.

M. L. TANDON.

---

## The Unjailed Spirit of Gandhi

Vain are prison cells and guardsmen,
Vain the wrath of sword and flame,
When the gentle voice of Gandhi
Pleads the cause of Freedom's name.

Love and confidence enfold him,
Truth unsheathes the sword of light,
When this kindly arch-offender
Calmly battles for the right.

Vain the threat of mighty empire
That would India's hope defraud,
For though prison walls surround him,—
Gandhi's spirit moves abroad.

Souls of saints, unjustly prisoned,
Make the jail a sacred shrine;
Flaming stake and cross and dungeon
Flood man's path with light divine.

CHARLES G. GIRELIUS.

# The Study Table

## Markham at Eighty

The remarkable thing about this book,* Edwin Markham's fifth volume of verse, published on his eightieth birthday, is its vigor, vision, high spirits, and unfading power. The author has always been conspicious for these hardy and contagious qualities, but not often is it given to a man to carry them undiminished into the ninth decade of his years. One explanation may perhaps be found in the fact that Markham matured late, which may be simply another way of saying that he preserved his youth. In any case, it was not until 1899 that this man born in 1852 wrote his "The Man With the Hoe," and therewith started upon his immortal literary career. Markham, in other words, wrote his first great poem in his 47th year. When we remember that Keats died at 24, Shelley at 29, and Byron at 36; that Wordsworth, though he lived to a ripe old age, never wrote anything of distinction after his 40th birthday, and that all of our American classic poets had written some of their best work before this date, we can see that there is real significance in the chronology of Markham's days. As poets go, he was old when he began; but he is young, both in spirit and achievement, as now he comes in sight of the end of his journey.

I have read this volume with care, but I find no slightest evidence of waning powers. There are poems in this latest collection which are as fine as anything that Edwin Markham has ever done. As a whole I count it a better piece of work than its immediate predecessor, "The Gates of Paradise" (1920). Make the boldest comparison possible—the immortal masterpiece, "The Man With the Hoe," written on Millet's great painting of that name, which opens Markham's first volume, with "The Toiler," inspired by Rodin's statue, "The Thinker," which all but brings to a close this latest volume. The latter poem perhaps lacks something of the sheer power and inspiration of the former, but if it had appeared first instead of last, we believe it would have swept the world with storm. Take the closing lines:

> Outcast and cursed, befooled and flayed,
> With earth's brute burdens on him laid,
> He only reached out humble hands,
> Reached out his mercies on all lands.
> How silent down the world he trod—
> How patient he has been with God.

Throughout this book there runs the old prophetic power. Note this:

> "Two things," said Kant, "fill me with breathless awe:
> The starry heavens and the moral law."
> But I know a thing more awful and obscure—
> The long, long patience of the plundered poor.

Markham has always been the supreme master of the quatrain. His only rivals in this form are Walter Savage Landor and Sir William Watson. Some of the best quatrains he has ever written are in this book, as for example:

> The laws are the secret avengers,
> And they rule above all lands;
> They come on wool-soft sandals,
> And they strike with iron hands.

There are beautiful sonnets here also, many of them on Love. Which raises the pertinent question—how many persons have ever discovered that Edwin Markham is one of the great Love poets of our time!

There is simplicity in Markham's poems. There is power, also—though his pieces are short, the lines sweep on with miltonic grandeur! But he believes in the old verities, and thus has no sophistication; he has disciplined his style to classic forms, and thus produces no obscure oddities, nor odd obscurities; he loves nature and the human heart, and thus hides away in no esoteric retreats or refuges; he is healthy, normal, in the great tradition—and for this reason wins little attention from the smart young critics of our day who dote on E. E. Cummings, and lift Robinson Jeffers to the sky. But the people know, and time will tell! Edwin Markham's immortality is sure as one of the few great poets of this land.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

*"New Poems: Eighty Songs at 80," by Edwin Markham. Published by Doubleday, Doran & Co. $2.00.

## Two Books on Gandhi

### I

We are inclined to think that of the many books written about the person and personality of Mahatma Gandhi, this† is a long way the best. Father Elwin divides his subject into ten short chapters, in which he discusses Mahatmaji under the aspects of Explorer, Artist, Laborer, Boot-Arhat, Rebel, Spirit of Joy, Heart of Sorrows, Devotee, Lover of Men and Universal Soul. His writing is permeated by a tenderness and penetration which could only rest on a profound and loving understanding of the Mahatma's great soul. It is, in fact, what all such books should be and seldom are, more a book of devotion than an essay, and composed by a supreme literary artist. Lack of space, and reluctance to spoil such a finished gem, forbid quotation. The sketches by Kanu Desai are in every way worthy of the subject of Father Elwin's writing. There are thirteen of them, showing symbolic, actual facets of Mahatmaji. We cannot be specifically enthusiastic where all are so lovely: but we particularly note a marvelous sketch, "The War Path," charged with devotion and warning and containing more truth in a smaller compass than we remember to have seen. The reader should give five pearls for this book, instead of five shillings, which is the price of it. We ought to add, that it was printed at Ahmedabad and is a triumph of Indian craftsmanship.

### II

One of the witnesses in a trial for rebellion in Ireland, early in the 19th century, when asked by Counsel for the Crown if it was a fact that he was in most of the conspiracies against his Majesty's Government, replied that he was in all the fun that was going. Though not as a conspirator against the Government, General Crozier was in all the fun that was going and for many years lived and worked in the inner clique of diehardism. The reader may, therefore, sit up and take notice of what he has to say regarding the Sinn Fein "Revolution," his experiences of which the General uses as a text for warnings about India. General Crozier remarks that had he known what he was in for when he consented to go to Ireland in 1920, he would not have touched it with the end of a barge pole.

†"Mahatma Gandhi": Sketches in Pen, Pencil and Brush by Kanu Desai; with an essay by Verrier Elwin. (Obtainable from Friends of India, 46 Lancaster Gate, London, England.)

And after reading his book,* we can quite understand why. He knows every trick in the game and shows us move and countermove in Ireland with relentless clarity, while sternly pointing out the inevitable result of similar behavior in India. Unfortunately, he has not been heeded, and the Imperialist brutality is in full swing there. The old game of ordinances, censorship and universal repression has again started, and though, as the General points out, "martial law" is hardly possible in India, the most superficial observer of current events in this land will hardly believe that police law is any better. As usual, the public is being kept in ignorance of the true happenings in India, though this is hardly surprising when we read what General Crozier tells us of the means successfully adopted by Government to suppress information about Ireland. But perhaps the Lothian Committee may be able to bring us home a few snapshots of the rape and robbery which the police have added to their interpretation of law and order in Gujerat and the North Western Frontier Province.

General Crozier has some extremely drastic remarks upon the behavior and mental calibre of the average Indian official; upon the workings of Imperialism under the guidance of weakened parties and pompous business men with big bellies; upon the imperialistic virtues of loyalty and patriotism, about the real meaning of which he says "Mahatma Gandhi has forgotten more than most people appear to have ever known"; and he evidently believes, as we believe, that the last word in India lies with the gentle saint now in jail. And if the reader wishes to know why saints go to jail, and why men, women and children are beaten, tortured and generally treated as they are now being treated, by the Government of India, he will find the explanation in General Crozier's book, which we strongly recommend.

P. A.

*"A Word to Gandhi," by Brig. Gen. Crozier. (Williams & Norgate, London, England.)

### Note

The Indian Conciliation Group, of London, England, has published a pamphlet of 32 pages entitled "Mr. Gandhi's Arrest, and the Events Leading Up to It," with a foreword by the Dean of Canterbury. The pamphlet is "prepared" by Mr. H. S. L. Polak. It is clear, concise, impartial and, so far as possible with the information available, accurate. The description of events stops at Mr. Gandhi's arrest on January 4, 1932. The appendices give the text of telegrams exchanged between Mr. Gandhi and the Viceroy, and the famous letters from Mr. Gandhi to Sir Samuel Hoare and the latter's reply; also the Resolution of the Congress Working Committee.

We congratulate Mr. Polak on this piece of work, which should be of the utmost use to serious students of current Indian events.

## Correspondence

### What Can a Mere Citizen Do for Disarmament?

Editor of UNITY:

What can a mere citizen do for Disarmament while these complicated international negotiations are proceeding and the august diplomats are tying and untying their plausible tongue-twisters at Geneva?

The answer is not so far to seek as might be supposed, nor so obscure as the diplomatic formulae suggest. Two major points, at least, stand forth from the horrors of Shanghai and the hornets' nests of Manchuria: that peace cannot be preserved in this kind of a world merely by verbal promises of renunciation, or by legal incantation, howsoever solemn (the Outlawry folk must have seen that by this time); and that the United States—however nobly disinterested in its own eyes—is powerless by separate and hesitating protests to make the Kellog-Briand Pact respected in a crisis. That job requires the close and continuous collaboration of three or four Great Powers at least. Particularly helpless is the United States to enforce respect for law and peaceful readjustments in the Orient when it deliberately lames itself by refusing to get onto speaking terms with the power that potentially overshadows Asia—Soviet Russia—without whose collaboration the Pact of Paris can never be effectively enforced in any great embroglio. Let us salt both these points down in the menus and agendas of whatever peace organizations we belong to.

It is natural that, from the disillusionments of recent tragic experience in the Far East, demands should arise for some sort of guaranty of future *action,* as distinguished from words; for some recognized principle of conduct, some declaration of public policy and behavior that will "implement" the Peace Pact, and give its vague and joyful generalities concrete application and force in time of challenging crisis and hesitation.

Brought face to face by our experience with the great political problem of international security, with which French diplomacy, by virtue of the penetrating logic and realism of the French mind, has long been concerned—the problem which is central to the success of all disarmament conferences that may meet, and explanatory of the failure of all that have so far met—how may the United States contribute to the solution? This is a problem for the mere citizen to understand.

The Greater Chicago Conference on Disarmament, a body composed of individuals and representatives of a number of organizations in the city, including the W. I. L., the League of Women Voters, several church and peace groups, etc., has been discussing this subject recently. It has endorsed the efforts of Congressman Morton D. Hull, of Chicago, to effect a modification of the American policy on the shipment of arms (which means a modification of the traditional doctrine of Neutrality), particularly his Joint Resolution, introduced on January 28th last in the House of Representatives, known as H. J. R. 262, "inviting the President to use his good offices to prevent a breach of the general pact for the renunciation of war; and, in the event of a war * * * authorizing him to determine and proclaim * * * which, if any, of the belligerents is guilty of a violation of that treaty, and to prohibit the export to that state or states of materials of war," etc. In February, Mr. Hull amended his resolution to include a prohibition of loans to violators of the Pact, as proclaimed by the President, and authorizing a series of steps of an economic and political character, culminating, should it be deemed necessary to bring about a cessation of fighting, in a general trade embargo against the guilty state or states.

On April 6th, Senator Arthur Capper, of Kansas, introduced in the Senate a measure of similar intent, making unlawful the sale or shipment of arms and materials of war, or the furnishing of loans to any violator of the Pact of Paris, and declaring it to be American policy to refuse recognition of any alteration of the international legal *status quo,* or any impairment of the treaty rights of American citizens, obtained by the exercise of military violence. It may be pointed out at once that this step, known now as "the Stimson Doctrine", is equivalent to the "sanction of Peace", advocated two years ago, at the time of the Chinese-Russian conflict in Manchuria, by Salmon O. Levinson, of Chicago.

No more important opportunity of service confronts the American peace movement at the moment than that of supporting these Congressional measures, stipulating in the future a changed American policy and constructive action to overcome the prevailing international anarchy whose

foul fruit was recently exhibited in Chapei. Nothing that can now be done by the United States would contribute so vitally to the success of the Disarmament Conference. It is believed that the State Department looks upon both proposed bills favorably. It is certain that presidential inertia, and the opposition of certain commercial interests whose business-profits would be curtailed by the application of these measures, may be counted upon as the principal obstacles to their passage. Every possible effort should be made by every true peace-man or woman to press these measures through the Foreign Affairs committees with favorable reports, and to obtain action on them in House and Senate before the adjournment of the 72nd Congress. Write your Senators, your Congressman, and Senator Borah in behalf of the principles of the Capper and Hull Resolutions. But study them first!

BRENT DOW ALLINSON.

*Ravinia, Illinois.*

### A Valuation

Editor of UNITY:

No, I can't give up UNITY! Of all the journals and magazines that come to my table UNITY is the nearest and dearest because it brings so many worth while things.

Take for example Dr. Sunderland's "Why Need Men Ever Grow Old?" It is worth a year's subscription alone. And Sydney Strong's Geneva notes and his many good comments on things by the way worth another year. Then The Field! I never miss a word of it, because it gives in concise form the stirrings of the spirit in so many groups.

I cheerfully, though belatedly, enclose subscription for 1932.

If Dr. Sutherland's article should be published in pamphlet form, will you let me know? When the New Bible is assembled a hundred years hence I hope some "pious fraud" will slip it into the canon by calling its writer Saint Jabez. Sounds good and looks good. He was inspired by a very good God in writing it.

ARTHUR HEEB.

*Los Gatos, Cal.*

### "The Whole Paper"

Editor of UNITY:

You may be interested in a discovery I have just made. I have a friend, who has been a hospital patient for twelve years, to whom I send clippings and magazines and other interesting reading matter I discover. I am frugal enough to cut out all the non-essential parts of magazines, to save postage, but I did not find any part of a recent number of UNITY that was non-essential—I had to send the whole paper! Yours very sincerely,

SARAH J. WILSON.

*Delaware, O.*

### Food for the Soul

Editor of UNITY:

I note my subscription has nearly expired. Please find enclosed check for $3.00 for ensuing year beginning June 1.

We are like the individual who possessed two loaves of bread and sold one of them to buy white hyacinths—to "feed her soul." Depressions may come and depressions go—but we hope UNITY will go on forever to "feed our souls."

E. J. H.

*East Lynn, Mass.*

## The Field

(*Continued from page* 162)

subscriptions to Congressites, or supply of provisions to them."

Under such orders as these, buildings, movable property, and thousands of rupees have been officially confiscated. The two Secretaries of the Ahmedabad Labor Union (with a membership of 24,000, according to the prosecution) were on January 22 sentenced to one year's rigorous imprisonment for "failing to report themselves to the police."

Other savage sentences include the flogging of three boys at Bangalore Cantonment on the same date for "delivering political lectures." One of these boys was only twelve. In Bombay, on January 12, a boy of nine was sent to a reformatory for four years for picketing. In the same city a case was solemnly adjourned on January 26 when a lad of nine was charged with assisting unlawful activities of Congress. He had written the names of arrested persons on the road in chalk, and I do not know yet what the Third Presidency Magistrate decided about it.

We propose each week to record the development of "The Indian Struggle." We have made arrangements for special information from India, and hope by this means to overcome the censorship of news.

The *New Leader* (London).

### A Friend Comments on UNITY

[Article by Alice Frost Lord in Lewiston (Me.) *Evening Journal*]

On the bookstalls may be found a small magazine, "Unity," which is metaphysical in character and the organ of a group which bears that name. Many do not know that there is another magazine of larger size but fewer pages, published in Chicago, of which John Haynes Holmes is editor-in-chief, which also carries this same caption. The latter is by no means new, having been established in 1878. It is liberal, universal in interest, committed to high moral ideals, both individually and socially, and champion of causes and peoples upon whom injustice weighs. It knows no creed, no narrow National limits, but finds one Life moving through all, everywhere.

There is a fearlessness in discussing international issues that is commendable. Gandhi's program is sympathetically analyzed. The Manchurian situation is honestly faced as of existing war and a challenge to the League of Nations to vindicate itself. Japan may have a case. But UNITY avers that the better her case the more imperative her duty to submit it to the League or World Court or to the conscience of mankind rather than to force of arms.

Here is a late issue with a sharp editorial, ripping the oratorical halos from recent "foreign grandees" who say nothing loudly, while their governments back home hesitate to enact programs instead of futile pageants.

Showing how bootlegging exists, and always has, wherever liquor sales are at all restricted, the editor draws the inevitable conclusion that the only cure for bootlegging is to remove all restrictions—a remedy not even the wettest wet would advocate.

Incidentally, it quotes Will Durant's "Ten Commandments—A Hypocratic Oath for Modern Youth," which deserves wider broadcasting:

1—I will do unto others as I would have them do unto me.

2—I will honor myself by self-development and growth; I will honor my family more than myself, my country more than my family, and humanity more than my country.

3—I will honor my body as well as my soul, and will mold it by knowledge and temperance into a temple of cleanliness and health.

4—I will grow in wisdom and understanding in justice and courtesy.

5—I will marry with foresight as well as with love.

6—I will surpass, not duplicate, myself in my children.

7—I will speak no evil of any man.

8—I will compete in the creation of beauty rather than in the acquisition of wealth.

9—I will co-operate willingly and never exploit.

10—I will do my job and be of good cheer.

Well, wouldn't it be rather difficult to improve on that!

### The Threefold Movement in Europe This Summer

Appreciation is the keynote of The Threefold Movement which is arranging a Tour of Appreciation of eight European countries this Summer, namely, England, France, Germany, Switzerland, Austria, Denmark, Sweden and Finland. Two parties will sail from New York on June 11th and July 2nd.

Last Summer the Society organized an experimental tour of a party of twenty-six men and women who sailed for Europe in July, directed by Kedar Nath Das Gupta, General Executive of The Threefold Movement. They were received in London by Sir Francis Younghusband, Chairman, and the members of the London Committee.

Encouraged by its last year's success, The Threefold Movement is arranging various programs and personal contacts for the American visitors this year in several cities in Europe where it has its centers and Committees of One Hundred.

These personal contacts will give

the traveller an insight into the social life and spirit of the lands he visits. It will mean much that he sees not only the sights but touches the personal life and is welcomed into the warmth of the home circle of foreign brothers.

An East and West Conference for International Understanding is arranged from July 14-20 at Oetz in the Austrian Tyrol, where many prominent men from the East and the West will participate. The Working Committee of this Conference includes Professor Abraham (England); Miss Budd (China); Rev. L. E. Shafer (Japan); Prof. Church (America); Mr. K. N. Das Gupta (India); Mr. M. A. Mathiasen (America); Miss Gertrude Ford (America); Frau Gertrud von Hollander (Germany).

An Indian Week-End is planned in the last week of August in London where the American travellers can attend services in Moslem mosques, Buddhist and Hindu temples, and will have an opportunity of personal contact of large Hindu colonies and private views of the Indian treasure-trove and art objects in the India Office, India House, The Tower of London and South Kensington Museum where the noblest and best of India can be seen in a compact area, including the largest diamond, Kohinoor, to the oldest manuscript of the world.

The Threefold Movement has its headquarters at 105 East 22nd Street, New York City. Dr. Robert Norwood is the President and Rabbi Stephen S. Wise and George Gordon Battle are the Vice-Presidents.

## International Relations Observation Tour for 20 Young People

In connection with the nationwide work of the National Student Forum which has been participated in by a half-million students in 5,000 American high schools in the last three years, a select group of 20 young people is being organized for an International Relations Observation Tour of Europe during July and August. This is a purely educational project on a non profit-making basis.

High-grade students in the first two college years as well as in high school are eligible for membership if, in the judgment of their principals or teachers, they have done enough work in international relations to be able to profit by the very special opportunities provided.

This is no ordinary "student tour." It presents a unique combination of conferences with leaders in European life and opportunities to meet young students of the various countries visited—England, France, Holland, Germany, Czechoslovakia, Austria, Italy, and Switzerland. There will, of course, be plenty of time for sightseeing and pleasure. All of these unusual privileges are offered to members of the group *at cost*—$542 for the eight weeks trip.

Principals, teachers, parents, students—anyone interested—should write at once to Arthur Charles Watkins, Director of the National Student Forum on the Paris Pact (address 532 17th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.), for the folder that fully describes the study trip. Those who apply first will have a distinct advantage in the formation of the group.

## TO UNITY READERS

Greetings from a like minded person who has a delightful country place on the East shore of Lake Michigan which she would like to share with you.

One hundred or more people can be accommodated—an ideal spot for group conferences on social questions.

If interested write—

**ERMINA MOORE**
**Syringa Bluff South Haven, Mich.**

**La Follette's**
Great National Weekly Newspaper
THE PROGRESSIVE
Subscription Price $1.50 Per Year

In every issue it is fighting your battles against monopoly and organised wealth in government

SPECIAL OFFER
3 Months
— 12 —
ISSUES 20c

STARTLING facts suppressed by other papers will be revealed in the next few issues. Send 20 cents today and be sure to receive the next extraordinarily interesting issues of La Follette's great weekly newspaper.
The Progressive, Dept. B., Madison, Wis.

Just Out

*A Charming Gift Book*

THE HEART OF SCOTT'S POETRY

A Selection of the Best Poetry
of Sir Walter Scott
With a Critical Introduction,
By
JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

This beautiful volume was prepared and published in recognition of the Scott Centenary (1832-1932)

Price $2.50

Order of your bookseller or of the publishers

Oxford University Press
114 Fifth Avenue New York City

*The May-June issue of*
The New Humanist

*Containing:*

OF THEE I SING
*by* Frank Lloyd Wright

TWO SONNETS
*by* Hugh Robert Orr

DOCTRINAL FUNCTIONS AND RELIGIOUS DOCTRINES
*By Cassius J. Keyser*

A NEW MIDWESTERN FRONTIERSMAN
*by* E. T. Knower

A STUDENT OF DILTHEY
*by Hans-Joachim Schoeps*

TRAGIC AMERICA
*by* Carl Henry Grabo

SPECIAL OFFER

*The New Humanist* ($1.00 *yearly; 20c a copy) will be sent in combination with any of the following books at reduced prices (regular price of book in brackets) The New Humanist for one year*

With: Sir James Jeans "The Mysterious Universe" ($1.00)—$1.65
With: Norman Thomas, "As I See It" ($2.00) $2.50
With Twenty-two Authors "Living Philosophies" ($2.50)—$2.75
With: Curtis Reese "Humanist Religion" ($1.00)—$1.65
With: A. E. Haydon "The Quest of the Ages" ($2.50)—$3.00
With: Walter Lippmann "A Preface to Morals" ($1.00)—$1.65

*If book you want is not listed here, send for prices. Please send check or money order, otherwise books will be mailed C. O. D. All orders must be placed with*

THE NEW HUMANIST
14 West First Street, Dayton, Ohio